

IMPARTIAL GAZETTEER,

AND

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A S S I Z E of B R E A D,
Established in Common Council, Dec. 5, 1787.
A Loaf of inspected superfine Wheat Flour, to weigh Two Pounds Five Ounces, for Six-Pence.

A Loaf of Rye Flour, to weigh One Pound Twelve Ounces, for Three Pence.

Messrs. PRINTERS,

Your character of a *Loving Wife* is so absurd, that I am amazed you could give it a place in your paper. The weakness and absurdity of such women, sure, must in some degree, have been discovered during courtship, and if men are such simpletons as to yoke with such beings, why let them bear with their follies, which they have not the resolution to correct, as no doubt they had something in view, at the time they formed the union, more attractive than the happiness arising from a sensible companion. Be that as it may your paper is small (though sufficiently large for its price) and from it we expect, or wish for improvement, and if we have not genius among us sufficient to supply you with modern pieces, receive some good old lesson, which it is probable many have never read, to such it will be new, and cannot be displeasing to those who have perused it perhaps some ten or twenty years ago—

Suppose the following,

H A T religion which is founded on the light of nature, may be comprehended in five principal questions, the natural answer to which will not only explain to us many eternal truths, but also the nature of our temporal duties. The first question will be, Who can have made this wonderful fabric the earth, the air, and all its feathered inhabitants; the sea and all the various beings it contains; that surprising vault and all those innumerable lamps of the heavens? Did these spring from their own seed? If so, who made the seeds? Reason answers an Almighty Being, whom each nation names according to their own language, and we God. The second question is, Why did God make all these things? after reflecting awhile, our reason tells us, that God would by this means reveal his glory to some created being, whom he has endowed with sense sufficient to worship his creator, and to use the things created. The third question must be, Are we not then obliged in gratitude to love and honor that God? Reason answers by all means; Do we not confess our obligations to our equals, when they do us even a trifling service? How much more am I obliged to venerate that being who hath given me all things? We shall then ask, if God can with patience see us act contrary to his design in creating us? Our reason replies, no, for the finds, in her simplest comparison with human economy, that punishment is the natural consequence of crimes, and that every artist, if he happens to be displeased with the work of his own hands, has it

in his power to destroy it. If I proceed to a fifth question, it will be, What is the nature of God? Reason is at a stand; she finds herself insufficient, & confesses, there are in nature so many things, for which she cannot account, that it is no wonder if the Lord of Heaven himself be incomprehensible. Thus you see that even a heathen must infallibly discover the being of a God; that he is almighty because he hath made all things; that he must be infinitely wise, because his works are perfect in their kind; that he is a benevolent being, because he has given us the use of his creation without any merit of our own; that he is incomprehensible, because he governs the universe by invisible means; that we are bound, in gratitude, to love, honor, and worship him; and, that if we neglect these duties, we must, in justice, be called to an account for it. But the Almighty, in the revelation of his word, has been pleased to give us a more adequate idea of his nature, and of our salvation. He hath taught us to know and to worship him as we ought to do, but at the same time to proceed cautiously in our enquiries into religious mysteries, which he hath thought fit to veil from our understanding.—What is your opinion of such professing christians, who refuse to see what is obvious to a heathen; who thinks it allowable, even becoming, to play with the Divine name and their own happiness?

Let me advise never to honor a man of known impiety with confidence. What can dissuade such a one from betraying you? Possessed of good sense you will never listen to audacious scoffers, who continue in their infidelity because they cannot comprehend that, which, so long as we remain on earth, must, of necessity, continue unfathomable. They speak of God inconsiderately, absurdly, and live as if there was no higher power than that which their own wisdom has been pleased to create. But these boasters with all their courage, tremble at the first approach of danger. They would be thought to have no fear of eternity, but when death calls them thither, they shudder under the most dreadful pangs of uncertainty.

A just confidence in the Divine Being, is a seed whose fruit we gather on our death beds: a joyful harvest, which these unbelievers can never hope to reap! Were even our religious truths of such a nature as to admit of a doubt, we should, nevertheless, be going the surest way, in living like rational creatures, possessed of an immortal soul.

U R A N I A.

To U R A N I A.

Madam,
THE Impartial Gazetteer, in future, shall be grave, religious, and contain nothing but good old lessons.
H. & P.

Messrs. Printers,
I belong to a society of honest, plain-thinking men, many of us subscribers to your paper.—It will be pleasing to us if you would not *meddle with religion*—It is certainly a subject of too much dignity and importance, to be treated of in a public

news paper, which seems rather calculated for humor, and the ridicule of folly. I am, in the name of the whole society,
Yours

T. C.

As it is the greatest ambition of the Printers, to stand well with *honest men*, T. C. may rest assured that we will not *meddle with religion*.

Messrs. Printers,

I do not write to you to have the pleasure of seeing myself in print, it is only to give you a little advice. Take care of *novels*, that foolish story of Williams, in your last paper, almost suffocated me.
Your friend,

J. M.

The Printers return their thanks to J. M. for his friendly caution, and will insert no more *novels*.

Messrs. Printers,

Those elegant moral tales, which make their appearance in your papers, afford me infinite pleasure. The story of Williams, in your last, is not only entertaining, but instructive, and may be very beneficial to the young gentlemen of this metropolis, and I make no doubt but it has caused you many friends,
Yours, &c.

AMELIA.

As it will always be the chief happiness of the Editors to please the Ladies, especially Miss Amelia, a page of their future papers, shall be devoted entirely to *novels*.

The Printers have received many more letters, written with the same spirit of criticism; but as these may be thought sufficient at one time, they beg leave to conclude with the following old

F A B L E.

AN old man and a little boy were driving an ass to the next market to sell. What a fool is this fellow (says a man upon the road) to be trudging it on foot with his son, that his ass may go light! The old man, hearing this, set the boy upon the ass and went whistling by the side of him. Why, firrah! (cries a second man to the boy) is it fit for you to be riding, while your poor old father is walking on foot? The father, upon this rebuke, took down the boy from the ass, and mounted himself. Do you see (says a third) how the lazy old knave rides along upon his beast, while his poor little boy is almost crippled with walking? The old man no sooner heard this, than he took up his son behind him. Pray, honest friend (says a fourth) is that ass your own? Yes, says the man. One would not have thought so, replied the other, by your loading him so unmercifully. You and your son are better able to carry the poor beast than he you. Any thing to please, says the owner; and alighting with his son, they tied the legs of the ass together and, by the help of a pole, endeavoured to carry him upon their shoulders over the bridge that led to the town. This was so entertaining a sight, that the people ran in crowds to laugh at it; till the ass, conceiving a dislike to the

over-complaisance of his master, burst asunder the cords that tied him, slipped from the pole, and tumbled into the river. The poor old man made the best of his way home, ashamed and vexed that, endeavouring to please every body, he had pleased no body, and lost his ass into the bargain.

OSMUND and ALMIRA.
An affecting Story,
In a LETTER.

Why did they love?—They lov'd, alas! too well; Their gen'rous passion toll'd their passing bell.

AH! my dear Lucy, what is it you desire? What do you enjoin me? Oh! why do you remind me of that unhappy that fatal affair?—My sympathizing heart bleeds afresh at the sad remembrance!—It is indelibly fixed upon my memory, for neither time nor any thing else will ever be able to efface the melancholy impression. A tear of tribute to those dear persons now and then steals insensibly from each eye. Indeed they merited this grateful acknowledgment of my love. They were worthy, and deserved a better fate: but their Omniscient God was pleased to take them as he did. It is not our province to invade that of heaven in its all-wise decrees: we should submit to its pleasure without repining: but who is there who would not regret the loss of two such amiable friends?

Just such another day as this, my dear, was the last fatal twenty-third of May. Were I to live a thousand years, I should never forget it. A more glorious day never blessed this lower world. The sun beamed fulgence inexpressibly delightful. All nature benignly smiled and was gay; the feathered warblers of the air chaunted in melodious strains their harmonious gratitude to the universal God of nature, and hailed in joyful notes the heavenly morn. Ever my Lucy, shall I suspect such promising, such delusive prospects to bliss: but what did I think then could have overturned our happiness?—Not even a distant thought of disappointment occurred. Secure, as I believed, in my generous participation, I feared nothing: little then did I think that I had so much to fear.

This day the lovely Almira was to have been indissolubly joined with my dear brother Osmund, now no more. For two years had their hearts, in the most sincere love been united in one. The tenderest passion that ever warmed the bosom of man warmed his, and he adored the amiable fair who so gratefully regarded him. But ah! how did their loves terminate!—Shed a tear, oh! my Lucy, to their names!—The lovely, the amiable, fond pair appeared at the altar. Joy flushed every cheek. In the fair bride's was visible an humble exultation that claimed observance and veneration from all. Osmund's, the gentle Osmund's was all fire: beams of love flashed from his sparkling eyes; eyes that spoke too well his happiness and bliss. No imperious or self-interested guardian had he to shun: all till this moment had been one continued scene of happiness. But how soon was this happiness changed! Indeed, Lucy, the unfortunate pair deserved better. In the midst of the ceremony, in the height of our joy, we could not help observing that a general confusion ran thro' those who were assembled to see this loving couple united; a universal but unintelligible whisper proceeded from all, and they appeared to be dividing in the middle; below we could see that they did.—But heavens! when the uppermost divided, what was our astonishment!—My dear father's ghost could not have struck me more than did the appearance of Otho!—Oh! my God! I can no more guess the rest!—Now you will pity the fate of Osmund and his dear Almira. I can-

not proceed now! my eyes are shaded with tears!—Presently perhaps, when a little more composed I may resume my pen.

You know very well that Otho has been dead, or reported to be so, near five years ago. A letter was sent to his then inconsolable widow, by one who told her that he saw him die of a wound which he received in an engagement. Any one may judge then what cause we had of surprise, upon beholding such a near resemblance to the departed Otho!—Had it been his ghost it would have been more welcome, and less to be feared. Why did he not come before? else why did he not for ever keep away? Then at this time we might all have been blessed and happy in each others company. But to return—different passions at the unwelcome appearance agitated every breast. The bride fainted, I screamed, and Osmund, as unable as any one to sustain the rude shock, especially as he saw his dear Almira faint, fell lifeless on her snowy bosom. Then, indeed, all was confusion! I had just life enough left to take notice of what passed. Osmund was carried, lifeless as he was, home; I followed leaning on my uncle Henry's arm; Almira, attended by the ferocious Otho, was likewise carried home.—Excuse me a minute, my dear, for I must forbear.

On the afternoon of this fatal day, a stranger came to the door with a letter for Osmund. Raving, as he was, we thought this epistle might work in him some agreeable change. He perused it with great composure in the presence of my unhappy mother and myself, and told us he was called upon immediately by Almira to attend her. He stepped to his room to change his dress (my mother and I suspecting nothing), and went out with a cheerfulness in his countenance that surprised us. I shall tell you whither his unhappy fate led him: I learnt it by a letter which the Captain left behind him when he fled his country. Unthinking cruel man!—He might fly his country, yet he could not fly the reproaches of his conscience. He does justice to my dear brother at last, whatever he had done to him before. But to continue my narrative—They met—Otho resolved that one should die—Osmund, overcome by his love, could not reason against it, but prepared to receive his furious antagonist, who attacked him without preamble, reason or discretion, and with such impetuosity, that Osmund parrying his unguarded thrusts, wounded him in the sword arm.—His weapon instantly dropped from his hand, and he even condescended, to kneel to ask a life which my brother did not intend to take away.

Osmund generously granted him his life, and sheathing his sword, helped this dissembling villain to rise. What unguarded moments have those who, meaning no harm, expect not to receive injuries from others!—After the monster was up, drawing a concealed dagger, he plunged it in the gentle, the generous bosom of my dear brother Osmund. A torrent of blood issued from the wound, which was mortal. May avenging Providence seize the inhuman wretch, who could thus leave in danger a life that had so generously given him his own! I will proceed by and by.

The unfortunate Osmund had just strength enough left to gain the habitation of his dear Almira. He entered besmeared with his own blood, and running to her, gasped her lovely hand in his—“Receive, O my dear, my charming Almira! the last vows of your fond, your faithful Osmund! Bid him once adieu!—You know that he loved you!—You know that he still does!—Oh! farewell!—Remember Osmund!—Remember that he died for you!—Shed one tear of pity upon his grave!—Assure him that you will, and he will be happy!” After a short pause, during which the terrified Almira was speechless, he continued—“O

my God! bless the amiable, the deserving Almira!—Let her follow her faithful Osmund when it is thy will!—No Othos will interrupt us there!—We shall be happy!—Once more adieu, thou fairest of thy sex!—Adieu!—Do not wholly forget me! Think of me sometimes!—Merciful father! receive my—” He ceased, he trembled, and dropped lifeless before the unfortunate fair.

Insensible as she was before, this roused her from her lethargy. She fell upon the dear body, lovely and dear even in death—“I will, I will follow you, my dear, dear Osmund!” cries she: “I cannot survive what I only wished to live for!—Receive this last pledge of my love! I die for the dear youth who died for me!” Having said this, she folded in her arms the body of Osmund, and with a sigh expired. You know the rest, you know that one grave held them: as they lived, so they died. Farewell, my dear Lucy. My dear mother continues very bad, and I remain

Your unhappy

XIHW.

LAUGHTER.

ACertain learned accurate anatomist gives the following mechanical account of laughter, “No animal, says he except man is capable of being tickled, which is occasioned from their not having the *papilla* of the nerves so expressed, as they are in the skin of the human species, in whom these *papilla* lie very superficially, especially about the sides of the chest; as these nerves communicate with the nerves which give motion to the muscles of breathing, whenever they are irritated by tickling, their vibrations are propagated to the communicating nerves, which throw the muscles of breathing into short, quick and convulsive motions, and is the action of laughter.”

A TRIBUTE OF SENSIBILITY,
From FRANCES to GEORGIANA CHRISTIANA,
on seeing her suckling her child.

HOW ardent soever the lover may be, previous to marriage—a child must increase and more closely cement his affections.

A beautiful girl must ever kindle emotions of desire in a man of sensibility.—But a chaste and tender wife, with an infant smiling at her breast, must be, to her husband, the most exquisite, enchanting object upon earth.

She must also be the most flattering; for every endearment bestowed upon the child will find credit in his heart, as a proof of affection bestowed on himself.

The wife then, who suckles her own infant, evinces her wisdom as well as her tenderness; she lays both her husband and child under an obligation of kindness that can never be absolved.

Women should recollect, there is a time when the charms of beauty must cease, and the passions of youth give way to the intellectual pleasures of age. It is then good nature and good sense, with the essential ingredient, a cheerful disposition, that complete the conquest of female influence.

GENUINE ANECDOTE.

THE Lady of a noble Venetian lost her only son, and in consequence became a prey to the most excruciating sorrow. On of the the Reverend fraternity endeavoured to console her, and amongst other things reminded her how great must have been the affliction of Abraham, who nevertheless, without murmuring obeyed the commands of Heaven, and was prepared to sacrifice his beloved, his only son. Ah, holy father! replied the lady, in all the poignant emphasis of grief, God would never have exacted such a sacrifice of a MOTHER.

Foreign Intelligence.

LONDON, June 31.

The following exhibits an uncommon proof of the vicissitudes of fortune. A few days ago, died in a garret in Old-street, William Elliott, aged 97, many years a common beggar. In the early part of his life, he was an eminent distiller in London, but having failed he went to sea, and was taken by pirates, from whom he escaped to an uninhabited island, where he lived alone upwards of five years; subsisting chiefly on the fowls he found there. Having got back to England he became a strolling player. He afterwards kept a lottery-office; then turned quack doctor, and afterwards a horse dealer. After this acquired 10,000l. in the lottery, but being extravagantly addicted to gaming, in a few years he reduced himself to indigence, and was arrested for debt, and many years a prisoner in the Fleet. Being liberated by an insolvent act, he was reduced to the necessity of becoming a porter for his livelihood, in which capacity he laboured till his strength failed him, when he commenced beggar, which he declared to be the happiest period of his life.

Extract of a letter from Dublin, June 6.

"A fish was lately taken on the coast of Malseroon, in Norway, which is situated in the 67th degree of latitude, and pretty much in the line with the longitude of London. This animal of the finny tribe, has been found to be a mile and a half in bulk, and the antennae or fins, which are tubous, or hollow, are supposed to be about six feet in altitude. This accounts for the phenomena that had been lately observed in the North Seas.

Extract of a letter from Cirencester, June 20.

"During divine service last Sunday morning at our parish church, the congregation amounting (as supposed) to 12 or 1300 souls, were thrown in the utmost terror and confusion, by the falling of part of the battlements on the leads, and, in consequence, some stones and mortar in the church. The congregation, by the sudden noise, were immediately apprehensive that the whole of this beautiful building was tumbling. The officiating Minister, after ineffectually attempting to dispel their fears by assuring them there was no danger, left the desk. The son of the organist let himself down from the gallery into the body of the church. The women, some fainting, others screaming; men women and children endeavouring to get out of the church at the same time, numbers trod under foot, others jumping over the seats, the noise of the seat doors all opening in an instant, increased the confusion of the moment above description."

American Intelligence.

PORTSMOUTH, August 26.

On Sunday afternoon last, between the hours of three and four, a shock was felt in this town, in some measure resembling that of an earthquake. The cause we have not been able exactly to ascertain, but may venture to hazard the conjecture, that it was occasioned by some concussion or explosion in the air. The horizon at that time was uncommonly serene, nor could a cloud be discovered.

BOSTON, August 28.

In a gale of wind on Tuesday last week, the sloop of war belonging to the Marquis De Sainville's squadron, was destroyed, and was towed into the road, on Sunday last.

HARTFORD, September 8.

Last Saturday se'nnight, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a flash of lightning (conducted by the chimney) entered the dwelling-house of Mr. Silas Munfil, of East-Windsor, struck him and his son, a young lad (who were standing near the chimney) to the floor.—One fork of livid flash struck him on the side next the chimney, burning most of his cloths on that side; from his shoulder to his foot, scorching his flesh in a very surprising manner.—They were both very much stunned by the shock, but are likely to recover.

His wife and the rest of his family were in the same room, but providentially did not receive any material harm—the roof of the house, chimney, and hearth, sustained considerable damage, being shattered in a most shocking manner.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 13.

Western intelligence as late as August 15, inform that a party of 40 men, under the command of Major Thomas Stuart, having unguardedly crossed the Tanessee, at the Chota Ford, was in reaching the farther bank, attacked by a large body of Indians, supposed to be between one and two hundred. Our people fired several times, but being overpowered by numbers, they endeavoured to retreat back across the river, the Indians by this time had got in their rear, and such as escaped had to ride through a heavy fire, in the river, and on the hither bank. Our loss is great, upwards of twenty missing, and several wounded; among the killed is young Kirk, he who was so active against the Indians since the commencement of the present disturbances. Colonel Anthony Bledford was lately killed by a company of marauding Indians, on Cumberland River.

Capt. Daniel Ross, of the sloop Maxwell, arrived at Norfolk, in Virginia, informs, that on the 17th ult. he fell in with the wreck of a sloop or schooner, in 33, 23. N. lat. and about 73, 10 W. long. having her decks blown up, a short ensign staff standing, and her bowsprit entire; her sides painted yellow, the common paint work green and black; and that, anxious to make what discovery he could respecting her, he passed so close as to be under some apprehensions of touching, but could see no name, or any thing else (save what is above described) tending to a further explanation.

A gentleman in the county of Limerick discovered about four years since among some of his geese, a phenomenon of the species. The creature forsook the flock and followed him not only about the yard and garden, but even penetrated, dauntless, into the house and every apartment in it. It still continues to display the same attachment; stands between his legs at the fire, plays with his buttons, &c. resents any affront offered; attacks such as presume to touch him, pursues them, and when it conceives itself to have produced their flight, returns with evident marks of exultation, which it exhibits by shaking its feathers, stretching its neck, and making that gabbling kind of noise usual with his species when engaged in protecting their young. It frequently walks into the rooms in quest of its master, and, though twenty persons may be present, distinguishes him from the rest; if not present, in stately pace the creature retires, after having previously looked at every chair. The gentleman was lately visited with an indisposition, which confined him for a fortnight or three weeks; during that period this extraordinary bird, for several days, was at the door of his apartment regularly morning, noon, and night; wearied, at length by repeated disappointment, it returned to the society of its own species, and it was concluded on the gentleman's recovery, that it must have lost all recollection of him; it was

A FEMALE ODDITY.

[From the Hibernian Magazine.]

AT a village a few miles from Dublin, lives a young lady who is the talk of the whole neighbourhood, on account of her uncommon sympathies and antipathies. She has a mortal aversion to all colours except green, yellow and white, in either of which she is always dressed. She has been known to swoon away at the sight of a red coat; and a funeral never fails of throwing her in a cold sweat. She will not eat or drink out of any other than queen's ware or pewter. She cannot bear the taste of any ripe fruit except green demascenes; but even these she will gladly exchange for onions, of which she is particularly fond when roasted. She prefers a draught of the Liffy water when muddy, to the clearest spring that ever bubbled from a fountain. A fricassée of frogs or mice is her delight; although the sight of mushrooms will make her change colour. She loves beef or mutton that is fly-blown; and she cannot taste a bit of veal that is either white, firm, or fresh-killed. She is more fond of bays, wood-bine, box and dandelion, than the finest fallads; turnip and raddish-tops she prefers to the most delicate brocoli, favoys, or cabbage-plants. When a child, she used to be very fond of eating small coal; and, at night, if her mother left her in the room by herself, she was sure to dispatch all the contents of the candle snuffers; but her taste in this particular is of late refined. Although now not twenty years of age, she is very negligent of her person; cannot bear to walk abroad in a fine day; but loves to saunter in the evening by the side of the river, if a thick nauseous fog be arising. She prefers the sound of the Jew's harp or hurdy-gurdy to the first violin or German flute in the universe. Her parents, who are people of taste and fortune, have often attempted her reformation, but in vain. She loves to ride in the bread-waggon for half a mile or so; and if it should chance to rain, she will not return home until she is wet to the skin. With all these oddities, she is very handsome, has great natural parts, and a good education. When her parents die, she will have an estate of three thousand a year, besides a considerable sum of money in the funds. About two years ago a Nobleman well known in the circle of gallantry paid his addresses to her, although he had heard of her oddities; and their nuptials would have been speedily celebrated, had she not suddenly conceived an utter aversion to him, on account of his refusing to eat some hot cockles and perriwinkles, which she had taken particular care in dressing herself. At present there is a young gentleman of the law who, it is imagined, will soon be in possession of this delicious morsel of whim, as he has already gained her affections, by walking with her in a favourite marsh during the rain, and instructing her in the best method to dress devils, and make falmagundy.

THE MORALIST.

OF ENVY.

Envy her own pleasure can't enjoy,
But pines and sickens at another's joy.

ENVY is a-kin to Pride; while it swells to equal what infinitely surpasses it, it generally bursts in the attempt—It is a temper of the mind almost diabolical—All other vicious passions are but intemperate longings to gratify our ill regulated desires; but Envy is not exerted in wishes to promote our own pleasures, but is employed in unnatural repinings at the felicity of others, and in wicked endeavours to frustrate and destroy it: However they who groan under afflictions, which the cruelty or the artifice of the envious have brought upon them, may at least

console themselves with reflecting, that the torments which they suffer, are light and trivial, in comparison with those, which fill with anguish the bosom of the envious themselves.

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An APPENDIX, containing,

Much matter, not to be found in any other edition, the substance of which is as follows, viz.

SPEECH of Romulus, after founding Rome; speech of Quintus Capitolinus; Caius Marius to the Romans; demosthenes to the Athenians: the perfect speaker; on the duties of schoolboys, from the pious and judicious Rollin; hymns and prayers; character of man; Winter; Douglas's account how he learned the art of war; Baucis and Philemon; on happiness; speech of Adam to Eve; soliloquy and prayer of Edward the Black Prince, before the battle of Poitiers; invocation to paradise lost; morning hymn; the hermit by Dr. Beattie; compassion; advantages of peace; the progress of life; speeches in the Roman senate; Cato's soliloquy on the immortality of the soul; Hamlet's meditation on death.

Select Passages from Dramatic Writers.

J OR.	— Distressed Mother.
G rief,	— Distressed Mother.
P ity,	— Venice Preserved.
F ear,	— Lear.
A we and Fear,	— Morning Bride.
H orror,	— Scanderbeg.
A nger,	— Lear.
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M elancholy,	— Fair Penitent.
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